

PAUL FLANDERS,
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T H E
CARMEL
CYMBAL

NOV. 17
1926

TEN CENTS



"THE MIRACLE"

ART, music and drama lovers of Northern California are making ready to welcome the visit of "The Miracle" to San Francisco December 27 to January 15.

"The Miracle" is being presented in the Exposition Auditorium under the personal direction of Morris Gest, America's premier producer, and Lady Diana Manners, the beautiful and talented English noblewoman, is heading the cast of 600.

The auditorium will be darkened for two weeks preceding the opening night and in that time carpenters, electricians, painters and decorators will be at work remodelling the interior to represent a Gothic cathedral. There will be no curtain and no spoken word throughout the spectacle, music and pantomime being depended upon for the dramatic presentation.

From Kansas City the cast will come to San Francisco, at the close of the run there which is following a highly successful season just completed in Philadelphia.

Interest in "The Miracle" is not only state-wide, but ticket orders are being received at Selby Oppenheim's offices, 68 Post street, San Francisco, from the northwest and from the Hawaiian Islands. The San Francisco presentation is one of the only two on the Pacific Coast—the other being in Los Angeles—and names of such importance as Governor Richardson, Senators Johnson and Shortridge, Mayor Rolph, A. B. C. Dohrmann and others to complete a committee of 101, are welcoming the San Francisco engagement of the super-spectacle.

—M. W. W.

NEW MUSIC SOCIETY GIVES LOS ANGELES CONCERT SATURDAY

Henry Cowell, modern composer and pianist, and president of the New Music Society of California, will be in Los Angeles for the concert which the organization will give at the Biltmore on November 20. Cowell last week completed a series of lectures on modern music at the Denny and Watrous studio in Carmel, following his return from a successful tour of Europe. He gave his first concert after his return in San Francisco on October 31, provoking the usual controversy among the critics with his ultra modern music and his method of playing it.

The New Music Society is the first of its sort in California, and is designed to foster the production of the newest developments in music, especially of the type that is unconventionally constructed, and which might not be produced adequately for some time by the existing groups. Cowell is an ardent protagonist of growth in the forms of music, and has demonstrated his ideas in a number of compositions which have been played all over the world. The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra is playing two of his

works this month.

After the concert in Los Angeles he will return to San Francisco to finish the score of the ballet Atlantis on which he is working at present. He will remain in California until after Christmas, when he will leave for New York to appear in concert in the larger east coast cities.

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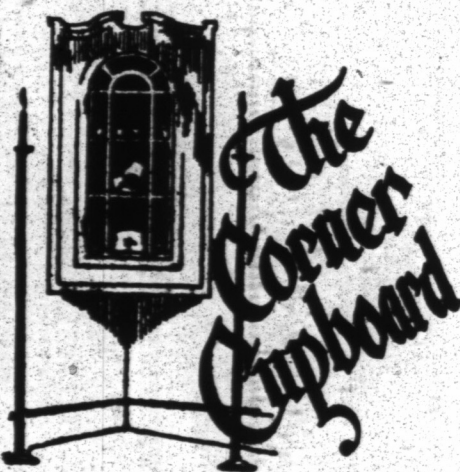
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THE ROAD TO THE SEA

An Adventure

HE was one of those funny little boys whose unstopped imagination oozed from the confines of his awkward, aware body. Physically, he looked like any other boy of his twelve years, with all the young proclivity to freckles and warts and hobbies. But when one spoke to him, this similarity ceased. He became, as it were, a boy among boys, a sort of concrete youthful adventure.

I saw him for the first time sitting in the sheltered mauveness of a sand dune, the late afternoon sun sinking upon him a shower of fiery red sparks that increased the dull lethargic shades of the sand and caused his dreamy, troubled grey eyes to fill with flecks of gold. Grey eyes with gold in them. And the wind straight from the sea flecked his hair so that he brushed it away from his forehead abstractedly, rumpling his fingers against the curly brown impediment with the unconscious gesture of an after-thought.

"Hullo!"

He discovered me, and watched the light of match flame dwindle against a cold cigarette. Then, with a half-friendly nod of acceptance, he returned to the sea, out beyond the shallow indentation of bay, and seemed to look beyond the horizon, around the world and back again. At least, that was the impression I received. The dunes had disappeared, the village behind us, and the forest of pine.

A cloud crept across the sun, resting on the rim of the sea in sharp silhouette.

"A galleon," I heard him whisper, drawing me into his secret, "look, fellow, a Spanish galleon!"

It rode high against the horizon, that which, but a moment before had been, to my mundane eyes, a cloud. A Spanish galleon, golden, luring, a transport from to-day into yesterday.

"Look, fellow!" the boy clutched at my arm as if he feared I might not see all. "Look at the funny high poop, and the steep prow, and the glistening, shiny square windows in the stern, like the windows in a house. And the decks of teakwood. Shiny, too. Maybe with blood! And that fellow pacing to and fro on the deck, apart from the others. That fellow with the great gold rings in his ears, that fellow with the dark face and the ugly slash across his cheeks. He must be the captain. No, the pirate chief. And those others, leaning against the rail, as if they were afraid of him, afraid to be seen talking together!"

The boy quivered with excitement.

"Something's the matter. Those fellows, see them steal a look at their chief. They don't like him. They're grumbling; you can see them scowling."

"Mutiny?" I whispered.

"Mutiny? More than that! Why, fellow, can't you see that ship is drifting help-

less? The rudder doesn't steer. There's been a storm. The ship is battered. And the wind and the tide are carrying them to shore. I think," the boy calculated a moment, "that the galleon'll drift right into Carmelo river, and ground. No, I'm wrong. The wind's quickened! They're going beyond. Fellow! Look!"

The sun was clear of the ship, an angry sun that sought to drown its anger in the sweet salt cups of the sea. And the ship, that galleon of gold, was drifting on, on.... And Lobos rocks were ahead.

"Oh, fellow!"

The cry was agonized, little-boy, despairing.

"They're going on the rocks! And the lovely Spanish princess....."

"Was there a princess, too?" I asked excitedly.

"They'd stolen her from the ship that was taking her to new Spain, just as she was nearly there," he explained sadly. "The captain was to hold her for ransom. Only he fell in love with her....but he didn't repent. No, fellow, he wasn't that kind of a pirate! And she loved him, and

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she didn't care even if he was a pirate. She liked him all the better for it," he concluded firmly against a possible unspoken protest. "And now, they'll all be lost."

He pointed to the sea again, the ship drifting rapidly to its twilight doom. Then he shut his eyes, his little body shaking with a dry sob.

"Tell me when it's all over."

We waited a moment in silence. The sun plunged drunkenly into the sea, the cloud....or was it really a galleon?...sank slowly into the dusk and was lost. A faint golden glitter lit the sky for a precious instant.

"You can open your eyes, now," I whispered.

—CHARLES McMORRIS PURDY

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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Notes and Comment

AS MAY be gathered, depending on your intelligence, from another page, or other pages, in this issue of The Cymbal, the Young Carmelite branch of our body politic and social has risen at last and there seems to be scent of blood and fire in the west wind.

While The Cymbal has found itself powerless to prevent an action which names us the official organ of this seething, bound-to-come rebellion, we maintain enough of our pristine influence to counsel against sabotage and murder and have so far been listened to as we plead from our place in the circle about the camp fire on the dark and stormy nights in the depth of the gully from which the jagged, menacing crest of Lobos lifts itself by its bootstraps up into the turgid, turbulent air.

That there is nought of justifiable revolution in this thing it is folly, positively absurd, to declare. The spirit of the ages wells up in the throats, hearts, hands and feet of these young, travail-torn sons and daughters of the proverbial liberty which was handed down by God, or some god, or gods from his or their pinnacled home on the heights of Olympus or Sinai. The

blood of forefathers who struggled on Bunker Hill, tore themselves limb from limb at the opening night of Ziegfeld's Follies of 1912, battled for air at the entrance to the arena at the Sesqui-centennial a month ago and hammered at the unyielding swinging doors at 12:10 a.m. on the morning of January 1, 1920, courses through the veins of these young people whose inexperience in life is more than made up in fervor of life and adoration of living. These voices that cry out in the wilderness and sometimes forgetfully on Ocean avenue; that scream for freedom in the dead of night—generally around three g. m. in the morning—must be heard; demand to be heard, and the hand or foot that attempts to stem the tide of their rising and waxing persistence will be crumpled in the self-same dust that closed with doubtful comfort about the crumpled form of Louis XV, Patroclus, the Babes in the Wood, the Statue of Liberty and Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother.

Stealthily stealing with stumbling step from the rendezvous in the depth of the gully from which etc. last Saturday night we overheard one of the comrades whisper: "I'm sorry for George Wood and John Jordan and Fenton—" Why be sorry for them? They must go the way of those feeble souls who have had the temporary temerity to dare the on-sweeping sea.

Therefore, without a great deal of reluctance, The Cymbal joins in the cry: "SING TRA LA!"

FATE, in the form of another engagement, prevents H. L. Mencken from making his breathlessly-expected visit to Carmel, according to a telegram from the editor of the American Mercury to Paul Flanders. There is some reference to the appearance of Joseph Hergesheimer in San Francisco in the telegraphic explanation the editor gives for his inability to call upon us. It is disillusioning that H. L. Mencken possesses so little curiosity and appreciation of the important that he would forego a visit to Carmel in order that he might go to Los Angeles. We feel somehow as though we who know Ocean avenue as our beaten path of daily exultation must walk it henceforth with heads tilted a bit lower and shoulders not quite so square. We aren't what we thought we were; that is, we aren't what we thought we were in the minds of the so-called discriminating. We're just Carmel, we guess, to them—just the town of Aimee's bungalow. Mencken's deflection or detour is a bitter pill. The only solace we can conceive in the thing is, in the hope that he actually does go to Los Angeles. And this is no kindly hope, either.

IT IS a pity that so undifferent is Carmel from any ordinary community that the demanding hand of impending tragedy was the only one of sufficient power to move our populace to act as

though possessed of a suggestion of refinement. The morbidly curious who are coming to Carmel with the request on their gaping mouths for direction to "Aimee's bungalow" are now being gazed back upon with a feigned blankness as deep as their own natural one. They are answered with "I'm sure I don't know", and the owner of the house, who is declared to be lying in it at the point of death, is saved from annoyance by pitiful examples of human beings. An incurable disease is said to be directly responsible for the fatal illness of Howard Benedict, but its ravages were unquestionably hastened by the unspeakable ravages of his peace of mind and of his property by those hundreds who have been unwisely directed to his home as the reputed rendezvous of a silly woman and a frightened paramour. Carmel announces to the world that those who come hereafter and ask for direction to "Aimee's bungalow" will either be refused any information at all or will be sent up the valley to Jamesburg in their quest.

WHICH reminds us of a strange incident that crowded in with others in the recent visit of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Miller to the East. Mr. Miller says that they landed at the Grand Central Station in the heart of New York or, rather, under the heart of New York. They walked to the entrance of the Commodore Hotel, also in the subway. There were hundreds of people about them, rushing here and there, or hither and yon, and they waited in line to register. Mr. Miller bought a copy of the New York Times. He glanced down the first page. The first thing his eye caught was the headline: "W. C. Farley of Carmel New Witness in Aimee Case". Rather ludicrous, isn't it, when you look at it up and down and sidewise?

WE are in receipt of the following appreciation with which we are glad to manifest our concurrence by giving it space in The Cymbal:

Dene Denny is one of those rare pianists who play modern music exclusively, and play it well. Those of us who have enjoyed the enviable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the strange new dissonances of such composers as Schoenberg, Malipiero, Bartok, etc., feel that we have much to thank her for. All through the Henry Cowell lectures she has generously illustrated his references to the various composers. This has been done from a sincere belief in the value of modern music and the added enjoyment an understanding of it can bring to one's life experience, as well as to one's appreciation of music in general. Carmel is fortunate in having her as a permanent possession, for while one can read about modern music and talk about it, one can seldom hear it played.

MODERN MUSIC DISCUSSED BY A MODERN COMPOSER

HENRY COWELL gave a survey of his recent lectures at the Denny and Watrous studio last week. As he is a gifted speaker as well as an important figure in the musical world, his lectures reached the vital centers of interest in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to hear him, whether they were musicians or not. Although music is the pivot around which the world revolves, one feels that he is aware of its fundamental connection with the whole of life. This implication may have been completely unconscious for he discussed music only and kept well within the bounds of his subject.

The scope of these informal and intensely interesting lectures was wider than one expected. First he took up tone vibration, showing how a single tone vibrates in halves, thirds, fourths etc., and continues indefinitely to subdivide. This produces the overtone series of which forty-four can be heard by the trained ear and many times this number detected by acoustical instruments.

The history of music has shown development strictly along these lines. Each age has brought the introduction of a heresy in the form of a new interval following along the overtone series. At first these innovations have met with scorn and ridicule and have been considered discordant and unpardonable. Even our old familiar common chords have had to fight the particular prejudices of their day, so that in the twelfth century the perfect fifth was considered a "perfect scandal", and later the perfect fourth and the major third and so on, up to the more and more dissonant tones of our own time. Bach used the ninth unresolved and Wagner the eleventh. Debussy used the whole-tone scale and the moderns are now using the fifteenth and sixteenth intervals of the overtone series. Schoenberg and Strawinsky have been the first to seriously develop them, but each has his own pathway through the new material. The music of Schoenberg has a certain peculiar ring which is always recognizable.

Many terms which are constantly met with in musical criticism were defined and made to take off their formidability. Atonalism where the homing instinct of returning to the basic tone is set aside—and polytonalism where the return is made to more than one key—polyharmony which occurs when chords made up of two simple chords are played at the same time and polytonality when different keys are played at the same time—these were a few of the terms brought up for explanation.

Of the modern composers whose work is the most significant, Mr. Cowell laid the greatest emphasis on Ruggles. He is an American of Cape Cod ancestry and

much temperament. His capacity for work is enormous and his insistence on perfection almost fanatical. In the field of dissonant counterpoint there has been little development since Bach. It is based upon the intervals of modern harmony and in the great melodic sweep of the Ruggles symphonic structure it will come into its own.

Scriabine has developed rhythm which has lagged behind sadly in musical composition and recently Strawinsky has made a contribution in this field by placing one metre after another. He takes a theme and dovetails it and repeats it till the listener knows it. For this reason his work is widely appreciated. Although he and Schoenberg started together Strawinsky is now accepted while Schoenberg is just beginning to be appreciated, in spite of his being the greater. He never repeats himself. In each phase there is a new form of development of the central theme. This makes for such keen listening that he is considered somewhat abstruse.

Mr. Cowell gave a quick survey of the work of Goessens, Honegger, Malipiero, Bela Bartok, Ornstein, Ruth Crawford, Varese, and other important modern composers, showing the trend which is indicated by their music. From this he went on to the logical outcome, which would be the need of a new instrument to give the greater range demanded by those who will go on developing smaller and smaller intervals. This will be supplied by the quarter-tone piano, one type of which is made with two key-boards.

"Music has not come to an impasse," says Mr. Cowell, "Things are just beginning to open up." Hardly anything has been done in the development of rhythm in the civilized world. The native Africans and the Indians employ a subtle rhythm, sometimes without any melody whatsoever. The Chinese also have this sense. They will play for hours with

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very evident relish what seems to us nothing but a confused tangle of sound. The intelligent ear, however, can learn to distinguish rhythm and cross-rhythm, changes of tempo which follow a definite pattern and which become tremendously moving. When a composer arrives who adds this to the new material in harmony and melody, whose control of the wider field is masterly enough to handle it and whose inspiration demands it, we shall at last have a figure in the musical world as great if not greater than Bach."

—DORA C. HAGEMEYER

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THE BLONDE LOOKS AT PAINTINGS

WE just arrived in Carmel the other day and started right in seeing all of the Art of Carmel, I mean we were simply impressed with the pictures we saw in the places where we went. They are all like the things that you see in illustrated magazines and the color in them is what you might call simply slick, not that I particularly like pictures but a girl can tell when she sees something that is really good Art. They are all about landscapes and things and you just can't get away from nature. These modern artists are all right, I guess, I mean the ones that come out in Vogue and those magazines but give me the ones that paint Nature like it should be. They do have that thing called Art in them, you can just see it, that is, they have some nice ones of those trees they call Cypresses with the mould on them and you can see the mould. And they have some nice little ones, too, these are simply slick because how can an artist paint so little is more than I can see, they just must have to have awfully little brushes or something.

There are some there that are simply marvelous because anyone that can paint ducks like that person can simply ought to be in Germany or some place where they appreciate that sort of Art. And Oh yes, there is another one that absolutely ought to illustrate one of Mr. Hergesheimer's novels because it just has that atmosphere and I think that when a person really can get Mr. Hergesheimer's atmosphere he simply ought to illustrate Mr. Hergesheimer's novels, I mean that I think that it's a shame that he doesn't do it. Then you can go into the cutest little place, sort of a restaurant with cute little tables and everything and they have the darlinest little ones there, rather the kind that you wouldn't mind having in your bedroom in the winter time to sort of make you feel good when you get up in in the morning because I think that it really is nice to have something to look at when you do get up. And you can tell that they are really good Art because you can see the people that run the place wouldn't try to gypp you, I mean that they seem to be ladies.

But what I can't understand is how these people can paint such wonderful pictures right here in Carmel although it's awfully cute and all that I should truly think that they'd need to get away sometimes and do some work. Oh yes and one place where we went there seemed to be an extra amount of paint on the pictures, that is it looked as if the artist had put a lot on in a hurry and forgotten to wipe some off but I guess all artists are sort of careless. All the ones we saw appeared to have that joi de vee or whatever it is

that the French people seem to speak of in France. Yet it seemed awfully funny to me that my friends that I was with didn't seem to like the paintings, that is they didn't seem to think that they were



good because when we came out I heard one of them say, "She's just the type would go nuts about that junk," but it didn't matter because he didn't seem to be one of those people that is awfully refined, I mean that after all it isn't every one who can appreciate what is Art.

—G. V. R.

AN "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TREES"

THE "Autobiography of Trees" is the title of an interesting article by Dr. D. T. MacDougal of the Coastal Laboratory which appears in the current issue of American Forests and Forest Life. It bears the subtitle "How Trees Are Being Made to Write Their Own Diaries" and deals with the records obtained from an instrument invented by Dr. MacDougal and called a dendrograph. The dendrograph records the growth of a tree in relation to changes in the outside world, writing down accurately how its life is affected by rainfall, drought, etc., as well as its diameter increase from year to year.

"The dendrograph has been applied to a wide variety of trees," writes Dr. MacDougal, "to learn something of the general features of their growth and daily behavior. My own attention, however, has been concentrated chiefly on the California redwood, of which records are being made of a dozen trees, and on Monterey pine. An instrument was first installed on Monterey pine No. 1 four feet from the base in September, 1918. The records show its behavior continuously to this moment. A second instrument was adjusted to the trunk, 27 feet above the base in January, 1920, and the traced line is also lengthening continuously. A modified form of the instrument was attached to a large root in 1923, so that at the present time the tree is busily writing a three-part diary.

"The dendrographic records of the Monterey pine make a total of about three-fourths of a century. The information obtained by the dendrograph, together with the results of studies of the hydrostatic systems of trees, promise solutions of many problems in the physiology of woody plants."

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TRUSTEES HEAR MORE REQUESTS FOR TRAFFIC JOB

TWO humorous incidents, neither of which the participants seemed to appreciate, enlivened the otherwise deadly meeting of the board of trustees on Monday night.

One was the fact that the three city officials—Larouette and Foster were absent—devoted all of fifteen minutes at the opening of legislative activities with a ladylike debate as to whether or not the man who owns the peninsula garbage dump should send in a monthly bill to Carmel for its use of the property, or whether or not a warrant for the monthly rental be sent to him as an automatic procedure each month. It was finally decided when Trustee Dennis declared it his emphatic opinion that the garbage dump owner be informed that he should attend to his business in a business-like manner and the city of Carmel would do likewise, meaning, it was assumed, that the city must have a bill at the first of each month, and that it is no fault of this municipality if the owner of the property forgets to send it in.

This matter being properly and most intelligently closed, the next order of business was the reading by the clerk of applications for appointment to the office of traffic officer recently vacated by the lamented McCune. There were about seven expressions of desire in this matter read by the clerk. Most of the applicants told how tall they were, the color of their hair, and one wrote impressively that his qualifications for the job included the fact that he had been "under fire" in France. But the cream of the letters was that in which the applicant said: "I am unmarried and can devote my entire time to the work". In view of the fact—O well, John Jordan's struggling spark of humor almost got up into his right eye. The applications, on a quiet final motion of George Wood, were referred to John Dennis, the commissioner of police.

The decision to construct a shed for housing municipal machinery on Junipero street and Third avenue was abandoned and the board voted to accept the offer of Isabel Leidig to lease a lot at Seventh avenue and Mission street to the city, as a site for the structure. The rental is \$10 a month for the property.

The request of Alice Josselyn for the removal of trees on Santa Rita street was referred to the superintendent of streets.

The board voted to tell the League of California Municipalities that its heart is with the proposal, but that this city would not be able to send a representative to the state traffic convention at Fresno on November 18. The convention is for the purpose of drafting a uniform state traffic law.

The board adjourned to meet again Monday afternoon, November 22, to take up the proposed fire ordinance.

PACIFIC GROVE HORSESHOERS PAY OUR BOYS A VISIT

The A. K. Miller courts of the Carmel Horseshoe Club on Ocean avenue were the scene last Saturday afternoon of a nice friendly combat between the local enthusiasts of the famous old game and visitors from the Pacific Grove club. It was not in any sense a regular tournament and no complete score of the day's results was taken, but the Pacific Grove boys went home convinced that the Carmel Horseshoe organization is developing some good pitchers.

The local club, which was organized less than a month ago, and has already established itself on the fine courts donated through the generosity of A. K. Miller, now has the following members, all paid up and in good standing:

Dr. J. L. Beck, D. E. Nixon, D. L. Dawson, Paul Stoney, John Weigold, R. B. Stoney, William Ammerman, Charles Gould, N. R. Thompson, Louis Narvaez, C. B. Tarr, Paul Mercurio, C. S. Packenthall, W. K. Bassett, H. P. Rodgers, Johnny Bell, Lynn Hodges, Joe Machado, Scott Douglas, V. H. Kitchen, G. Peet, G. Moulton, Manuel Perriera, J. Eaton, Martin Leidig, A. R. Coffee, Louis Casati, Neville Whitney, Marshall Wermuth, Marshall Barbe, E. Soberanes, Chester Gilky, Tom Douglas, Fred Ammerman and Fred Wermuth.

"LA BOHEME" FEATURED AT GOLDEN BOUGH THIS WEEK

Lillian Gish in "La Boheme" is the headliner for the week's motion picture program at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The famous opera in film will be shown at the Golden Bough on Thursday and Friday evenings.

On Saturday and Sunday evenings the Golden Bough offers "You Never Know Women", with Florence Vidor in the leading role.

The motion picture shows at the Golden Bough commence each evening at 8 o'clock.

Edward Kuster, managing director of the theater, has announced that the projection equipment of the Golden Bough has just been completely re-serviced by Major de Cerci, the French expert, and that it is now equal to the best anywhere.

CARMEL PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION HAS MUSIC TREAT

The regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association was held last Wednesday, November 10, in the Sunset School Auditorium. After the business part of the meeting, which was largely taken up with discussion of ways and means of paying for the new piano just installed, a very enjoyable program was given. Edward Kuster spoke on "Music in the Child's Life", stressing the importance of early training in appreciation of good music. Two songs were

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well sung by the Fifth and Sixth Grades, teacher, Miss Pauline Newman.

A piano solo, "Chanson Napolitaine" by Saint Saens by Miss Newman and "Capriccio Brillant", Mendelssohn for two pianos by Miss Newman with Mrs. M. Richter at the second piano were greatly enjoyed.

Miss, who is organizing classes in Nature Study, spoke of her work here and Mrs. Fitzgerald outlined briefly the aims of the kindergarten she hopes to open shortly.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday, December 8, when the subject will be "The Use of Leisure Time".

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NEXT ARTS AND CRAFTS PLAY HAS FINE CAST

WITH a cast that on the face of it looks as though it will be very good indeed, the Arts and Crafts Theater proposes to produce on Friday and Saturday nights of next week, November 26 and 27, the comedy, "One of the Family". Such most satisfactory amateurs as Marian Todd, Barry Parker, Sally Maxwell, and Kissam Johnson are cast in the play, to say nothing of that delightful lady, Louise Walcott. There are also three who have not been seen, of late at least, on the stage here—Yodee Remsen, Constance Cole and E. K. Lyman.

"One of the Family" is a light satire on "old families". In Boston, where it has been running this past month it must strike the audiences as almost sacrilegious, for the family is named Adams, the hero is Henry Adams, but in spite of his heritage of name and ancestors he throws convention to the winds, does all the things his aunt has warned him against, breaks that hardest of bonds—tradition, and starts out to lead his own life.

To be one of the Adams family means that every other member of it feels free to interfere and give lavishly of advice on one's most personal problems, so when Henry does the unheard of thing of motoring for two days AND a night with a girl that the family does not know, he starts something that might have ended in tragedy IF

Joyce had not been the "sweetest" girl in the world, and had never learned to use a poker as a weapon of offence! Joyce was not born an Adams, but she helps to achieve something that Henry could not do unaided—the "Education of Henry Adams".

MRS. OLIVER GALE IS NEW HEAD OF WOMAN'S CLUB

MRS. OLIVER GALE was elected president of the Carmel Woman's Club at the meeting held at the home of Dr. Amelia B. Gates last week. Other officers are Mrs. M. D. Harris, first vice president; Mrs. L. B. Harvey, second vice president; Mrs. Maude Arndt, third vice president; Miss Anne Martin, corresponding secretary; Dr. Amelia Gates, treasurer. These officers with Miss Pamela Clough and Mrs. William Argo also constitute the board of directors.

The next meeting of the club will be held at Pine Inn on Monday, December 6.

In accepting the presidency of the organization Mrs. Gale said:

The Carmel Woman's Club is primarily and in its first stages an adventure in citizenship. Its Constitution

states as its object "to bring about the solidarity of the women of Carmel, to promote a community spirit, and to advance the civic cultural, artistic and social ideals of the community."

Where are the cultural, artistic and social ideals of a community to come from, or through whom are they to come, if not from and through the citizens of the community? Citizenship is the deep foundation and superstructure of society, its one basis and its great hope, and the very essence of democracy.

The question is not whether democracy is the highest ideal of the social structure which man can evolve. The point is that it is the one under which we are living, and which most of us believe in. It is under a rather acute challenge at the present time in many quarters—notably by Mussolini and Fascists in Italy—mainly on the ground of ineffectiveness and incoherence.

But does the charge lie so much against democracy as an ideal as it does against the citizens of democracy in whose hands the responsibility for the effective expression and practice of that ideal is placed? Is the trouble with democracy or the democrat—the individual?

The failure of the citizen to take his or her place and function in the community is, in most cases, not a question of a lack of interest or social will, or of self-indulgent negligence. It is lack of opportunity to do more. They elect their officials and leave them to their fate, which is often not a pleasant one, not knowing anything more that they can do. Nor is there more that they can do in most cases, except scold over things on the corners of the streets with their neighbors.

Here in Carmel we have a population of whom more than half are women, and many problems and

many possibilities of concern and benefit to every one to be worked out. Up to the present time there has been no way for these women to bring to the solution of our civic problems either their individual or their concerted thought, and no opportunity to make an intelligent study of them. Most of us have simply drifted along in either a heedless or a helpless way, aware of many things that could or should be done, but with no means at hand to help in doing them.

We have voted for our trustees, of course, but how many of us have ever thought of our continuing responsibility to support them in the work they are trying to do for us after we have requested them to do it? This is merely one instance of the many ways in which the women of Carmel can function civically as a group as they cannot function individually.

In cultural lines, the study of the drama, literature, art, music, etc., the advantages of a club like this are so thoroughly obvious that they hardly need to be suggested. A group commands opportunities and approaches to study and at the same time accumulates a stimulus and an inspiration for its members, which the individual, however clear her aims and aspirations and however fixed her purposes, necessarily lacks. And what could contribute more to intelligent, effective, useful citizenship than the broadened sympathies and deeper insights and wider visions that come through a study of the thought of all nations as it is embodied in their arts?

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2 lb Heinz Mince Meat.....can 45 cts.	7 for \$1.00
1 lb Heinz Mince Meat.....glass 35 cts.	Crab Meat.....30 cts. 3 for 85 cts.
2 lb Heinz Mince Meat.....glass 58 cts.	Oval Sardines.....2 for 25 cts.
Heinz Plum Pudding, small.....20 cts.	Sage Honey, per quart.....55 cts.
Heinz Plum Pudding, medium.....43 cts.	Sage Honey, per pint.....30 cts.
Heinz Plum Pudding, large.....75 cts.	Prunes, bulk, special per lb.....10 cts.
Hinz Fig Pudding, small.....20 cts.	Seedless Raisins, per lb.....10 cts.
Hinz Fig Pudding, medium.....43 cts.	Lipton's Coffee, per lb.....55 cts.
Heinz Fig Pudding, large.....75 cts.	Dodge Clams, per can.....30 cts.
Asparagus, large can.....25 cts.	Tea Garden Marmalade.....3 for 95 cts.

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TELEPHONE 48-W

THE HOUR IS STRICKEN

COMRADE

MANIFESTO

COMRADE!"
"Comrade!"
"Comrade!"

The compassionless fingers of promoters and executives of a half baked city government curl around the white throats of pitiable Carmel citizenry, to stifle these impoverished humans who are starved for a pittance of underanged reality.

No wonder that husky voiced men and women are crying "Comrade", and fling themselves upon others' necks seeking in their fellow man a bit of human genuineness.

The people can no longer tolerate the imposition of witless, senile official surveillance.

No wonder that there are gatherings in dark corners of gift shops and tea rooms and that strange agglutinative murmurings of an oppressed populace are heard.

Gentlemen and gentle women may prefer pianos and palettes but these velvet helmeted tyrannists prefer bludgeons and bombs.

"Blood."

"Brains."

"Blood."

"Down with Spanish balconies."

"Down with mouldy obsolete furniture."

"Up with side walk cafes."

"Up with Ocean Avenue bull fights."

These are the cries of the whiskered mass as they fling bodily around corners treading mercilessly on Carmel's dog citizenry.

"Down with Snik!" cried one, but no sooner had the words left his lips than the mob pushed him through a plate glass window.

Snik watched from a protected spot on a roof. "They make me sick," said he.

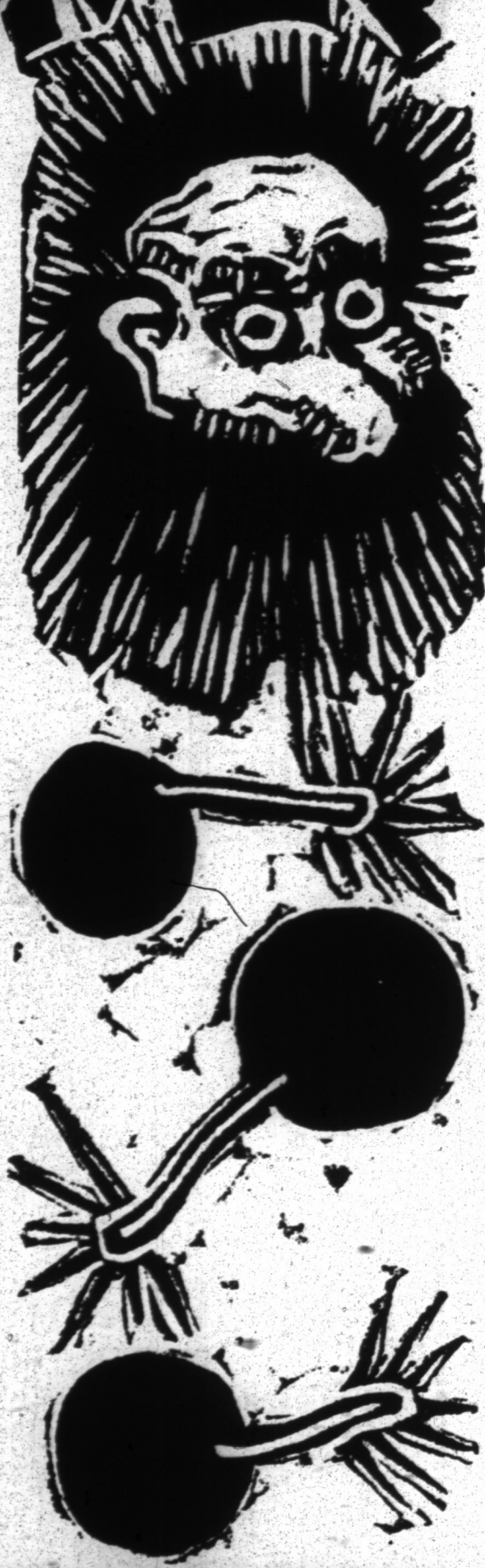
"We want but one law, one king, one ruler."

"Long live the marshal."

"Long live Gus."

"Long live the power that rides upon a horse."

"To hell with the city manager, the city trustees and all of Carmel's masquerading sorereign morons."



THE SONG

THE Bolshies are organized
Sing tra la

The city is laid

Under Terror and Plague

Sing boom boom

The Bolshies are here la

The Bolshies are there la

Sing tra la

Sing boom boom

Sing boom la

If you see a Bazk hat

Sing tra la

Lie down on a mat

Sing boomb boomb

OFFICIAL
PERSONNEL

THE more conservative group of this radical assemblage wishes to submit a list of offices and officers, believing that a general resemblance of government should be maintained; that the ills resulting from a body politic do not arise from the form or system of administration but from the unfitness of the individual who executes his official duties.

The slogan of this group is "Keep Carmel Different".

Mayor—

Steve Glassell

Secretary—

Tal Josselyn

Treasurer—

Bill Durham

City Trustees—

(We don't want 'em)

Juvenile Judge—

David Alberto

City Judge—

Louise Walcott

Truant Officer—

Charlie van Riper

District Attorney—

Hilda Argo

Assistant District Attorney—

Marian Todd

Collector of Internal Revenue—

Dr. R. A. Kocher

YOUNG CARMEL REVOLTS

Prohibition Agents—

Barry Parker
Tad Stinson

Harbor Commissioners—

Kit Cook
Eliot Coburn
Frances Glassell
Ruth Kuster

Traffic Officer—

Rafe Todd

City Marshal—

Gus

Shot Gun Squad—

Capt. Vivian Foree
(If you own one sign up)

Purity League—

Fred Godwin
Jimmie Doud

City Pound Keepers—

Winsor Josselyn
Yodee Remsen

President of Parent-Teachers Association—

Halsted Yates

Child Welfare Committee—

Helen Van Riper
Eugene Watson

City Planning Committee—

Rhoda Johnson
Bob Stanton
Frank Murphy

Society for the Preservation of California Wild flowers—

Ernie Schweninger
Paul Flanders
Dick Johnson

Chief Censor—

Neb Lewis

Entertainment Committee—

Ted Kuster
George Ball
Mr. Manzanita

Fire Department—

(Hats by Goldstine)
Chief Beany Hestwood
Carl Cherry
Kitty Wilkinson
Mrs. E. A. Kluegel
Eleanor Yates

Motion Picture Critic and Stabilizer—

Charles McMorris Purdy

Legations

Russia—

Rem Remsen
Sec. Clay Otto

Great Britain—

Eric Wilkinson
Sec. Katherine Corrigan

China—

Pong Chung
Sec. Rafe Todd

Holland—

Tilly Polak
Sec. Gladys Vander Roest

Pebble Beach—

Harrison Godwin

Reception Committee for Queen

Marie—

Jimmie Doud
Fred Godwin

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PERSONAL MENTION

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE has returned from a trip to Los Angeles and is again in his home in Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Flora Richardson of Berkeley was in her home on Monte Verde for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Otey have returned to Carmel after a long motor trip through northern California.

Miss Adele Watson, New York artist, is in Carmel for the winter. She is staying at the Pine Inn.

Mrs. Doris Ingram and her nephew have returned from a visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. W. O. H. Martin and Miss Anne Martin have returned to Carmel after a six months absence. While in Europe Miss Martin attended the opening of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva.

Miss Ruth Price is spending this week in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bates and Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ramsay motored to San Francisco for the week-end.

Mrs. Dr. Thomas Russell, her mother and three children, of New Haven, Conn. are occupying the Culbertson cottage.

Mrs. E. P. Young and Mrs. Robert Stanton who have been in Los Angeles for the past week have returned to Carmel.

Mrs. Robert Morris and her son Hal Curtis of Jardine, Montana who spent a month in Carmel last winter have taken the Rohr cottage for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman have taken the Maxwell Studio on Santa Lucia for a year.

Mrs. Sara Deming, who has been in Los Angeles for several weeks, has returned to Carmel. She and Mrs. Betty Sheppard have taken the "Top o' the World" cottage.

F. S. Harkness of New York is at Del Monte Lodge with a party of eight.

Miss Constance Vander Roest was in San Francisco for the week-end. She attended the Stanford vs Washington game.

Among the Carmelites who attended the Stanford vs. Washington game were Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson, Miss Vivian Foree, O. J. Cope, Stuart Walcott, Barry

Parker, Robert Stanton and Fred Godwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson entertained informally at a supper party Sunday evening. Among the guests were the Mesdames Dorothy Wilson, Amati Smith, and Hilda Argo, and the Messrs Ferdinand Burgdorff, Charles Purdy,

Hank Mann, Edward Hearne and Billy Argo.

Mrs. Parker Wilson entertained informally at a supper party at her home in Pebble Beach. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mrs. Hilda Argo, Mrs. Amati Smith, Messrs Talbert

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The Cinderella Shop

EVENING
GOWNS



and Winsor Josselyn and Hank Mann.

The guests at La Playa this week were
Dudley Heron and family of San Francis-
co, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lampert of Boise,
Idaho, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stevens of
Los Angeles, Bonner M. Smith of San
Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raas of
San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Archie T.
Newsom of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.
P. Howard of San Mateo, L. Lake of
Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. William
B. Tyler of San Francisco, R. L. McWil-
liams and family of Burlingame, Joachim
Von Ernst and N. W. Wertz of San Fran-
cisco, Miss Aimee Middom of Santa Cruz,
L. M. Le-Vroi of Santa Cruz.

The guests at Pine Inn this week were
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hodgkins and family
of Stockton, Miss Kountz of Pittsburg,
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gerhard of
San Francisco, W. A. Clifford of Alameda,
T. Johnston of Oakland, M. B. Brittan of
San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Law-
son of Rutherford, K. Athenelle Foster
of Los Angeles, Cleo L. Daniels of San
Diego, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Batty of Los
Angeles, Abbott H. Hanks of San Fran-
cisco, A. W. Gugis of San Francisco, Mr.
and Mrs. A. G. Blair of Pasadena, Mr.
and Mrs. C. W. Wolf of San Francisco,
J. T. Hudson of San Francisco, W. J.
Venard of San Jose, A. C. Weigard of
Berkeley, Don Watson of Berkeley, R. E.
Lyman of San Francisco, Marion Kyle of
Los Angeles, and Ken Chamberlain of
Los Angeles.

The guests at Highlands Inn this week
were Charles Cary Rumsey of Hollywood,
Mrs. Emma C. Rumsey of Hollywood, Mr.
and Mrs. Paul Hutchinson of Pasadena,
Mr. and Mrs. S. Van Dusen of Santa
Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin W. Widney
of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Eh-
senberg of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. E.
Ribenum of Duluth, Mich., Mr. and Mrs.
Carl H. Parker of Pasadena, Walker D.
Gilmer of Seattle, Val J. Curtis of San
Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Macy of
Boston, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Horne of
San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. R. T.
Ballard of Yokina, Wash., O. Kennedy
of San Francisco, E. T. Paulson of San
Francisco, W. J. Foster of San Francisco,
Frederic Russell Fisher of San Francisco,
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Benson of Whittier

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Denny and Watrous

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of Homes

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It is not
shipped in

Try our famous

ICES

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A BOOK about CARMEL

yesterday and today

The first and only book on all phases of Carmel, giving an account of its history, arts, literature and science; its original personality, and its beauty!

Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FULL OF INFORMATION

SHANK AFTER CRUNCH AFTER MOSE AFTER SNICK, B'GOLLY

I am Shank
I catch dogs
I'm keeper of the pound
Have you seen any lost, strayed or
stolen dogs around?
One dog got loose
His name is Crunch
By heck he had a noose around his
neck and he was eating lunch.
Let me see
Someone cut it with a knife
Excuse me while I beat my wife

My wife is beaten—
Let me see—
Crunch was eating lunch—
Wife cut noose and let him loose
Yes
There he goes
He's after Mose the office cat
Who's after Snik the goldurned rat.

I'm Mose the cat
I don't like Crunch
That hound that's joined
The office bunch
He'll not get fat
On Mose the cat—
Of dogs and such
I have no fear
I had dog lunch
Just yester-year

I chased that Snik
On through the door
Of Tilly Polak's
Antique store
He got away
I let him pass
For fear we'd break
Her table glass
If I had caught him as he sped
He'd not be sick
He'd just be dead.



PETER FRIEDRICHSEN

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Call Carmel 178 and talk to our
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57 and talk to our General Mana-
ger, Mr. Pollard.

When you are in Salinas, come
in and meet Mr. Pollard face to
face. He is never too busy to talk
to a Coast Valleys Customer.



Coast Valleys Gas and
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THE EGOIST

SEE with what certainty I move
Throughout the complex pattern of
the stage!
I am the hero of this play," declared the
puppet. . .

"Behold my fine clothes!
My aristocratic air!
No one has quite attained
This level reached by me!
I am the long-sought self
The final goal. . .
Indeed I almost think
I am Almighty God!"

Silence. . .
A motion from above
Unbroken silence. . .
Strange collapse of limbs
Unfathomable silence. . .

The puppet sees the hands
That hold the strings.

—D. C. H.

CARMEL CHURCH YOUNG PEOPLE FORM NEW ORGANIZATION

The younger members of the Carmel Community Church are organizing a Young People's Society which will hold meetings every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at the church. Plans for a pageant to take place before Christmas are being made and parties and sociables will be held during the winter. The young people of Carmel are urged to attend the next meeting and bring their friends.

ST. ANNE'S GUILD TO HOLD FOOD SALE NEXT TUESDAY

The ladies of St. Anne's Guild will hold a Thanksgiving food sale next Tuesday beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning in the store opposite the postoffice formerly occupied by the Carmelita Shop. Coffee and sandwiches will be served during the noon hour.



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Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19

"LA BOHEME"

Starring Lillian Gish; supported by John Gilbert,
Renee Adoree and Edward Everett Horton.

Direction of King Vidor.

Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 20-21

"You Never Know Women"

Starring Florence Vidor.

A charming comedy. Directed by the
brilliant Hungarian, Ernst Vadja.

Programs at 8 p. m. Auditorium heated to 78°

NOTE: The projection equipment of the Theatre has just been completely serviced by Major de Derci, the French expert, and is equal to the best anywhere.